your labour; your wife (ſo I would ſay) your affectionate ſeruant
and for you her owne for *Venter*, *Gonoril.*

Edg. O Indiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my brother; heere in the ſands
Thee ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous leachers; and in the mature time,
With this vngratious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſ'd Duke; for him tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Gloſt. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vild ſence,
That I ſtand vp and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my griefes,
And woes by wrong imaginations looſe
The knowledge of themſelues. *A drum a farre off.*

Edg. Giue me your hand far off me thinks I heare the beaten (drum,
Come father ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit.* (thy goodnes,

Enter Cordelia, Kent and Doctor.

Cord. O thou good *Kent* how ſhall I liue and worke to match
My life will be too ſhort and euery meaſure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowlegd madame is ore payd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited; theſe weeds are memories of thoſe
Worſer howers; I prithe put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deere madame,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent;
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meete.

Cord. Then beet ſo, my good Lord how does the king?

Doct. Madame ſleepes ſtill. (nature;

Cord. O you kind Gods cure this great breach in his abuſed
The vntund and hurrying ſences, O wind vp
Of this child changed father.

Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſtie that we may wake the king
He hath ſlept long.

Cord. Be gouernd by your knowledge and proceed,

Ith ſway of your owne will is he ara
Doct. I madam, in the heauineſſe
We put freſh garments on him,
Gent. Good madam be by, when w
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cord. Very well.
Doct. Pleaſe you draw neere, lou
Cor. O my deer father, reſtoratiō h
And let this kis repaire thoſe violen
Haue in thy reuerence made.
Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe,
Cord. Had you not bene their fathe
Had challengd pitie of them; was th
To be expoſd againſt the warring w
To ſtand againſt the deepe dread bo
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtro
Of quick croſſe lightning to watch
With this thin helme mine iniurio
Though he had bit me, ſhould hau
Againſt my fire; and waſt thou fain
To houill thee with ſwine and rogu
In ſhort and muſtie ſtraw; alack, ala
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at
Had not concluded all; he wakes ſp
Doct. Madam do you, tis fitteſt.
Cord. How does my royall Lord,
Lear. You do me wrong to take m
Thou art a ſoule in bliſſe, but I am b
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine o
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cord. Sir know you me?
Lear. Yar a ſpirit I know, wher
Cord. Still, ſtill, farre wide.
Doct. Hees ſcarce awake, let hi
Lear. Where haue I bene, wher
I am mightily abuſd, I ſhould ene
To ſee another thus; I know not w
I will not ſweare theſe are my hand

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.1